February 13th.
1896

My Dear Clarence,

I am all dressed and waiting for Miss Lathrop to call for me to go to the concert. Yours of Monday night received this morning. The returned envelope is absurd, with Illinois plainly written at the bottom, what excuse was there for sending it to some other state. I have directed all of the last

dozen letters that I have written to your home the same way — "Postal stupidity" always makes me mad.

If that picture does not arrive tomorrow I shall not be respon-sible for the consequences. Perhaps you won't hear from me for a weeks or perhaps you will receive announcement cards proclaiming the marriage of Miss Gem Hobbs to Mathison Randall — Esq. How would you like that??

Oh! I just feel like tormenting
somebody or something tonight,
I am spoiling for a fuss —
There goes the bell, now I'm going,
be a good boy, while I'm gone, & mind
<u>those</u> <u>wrinkles</u>

It is now after midnight.
I have come home with my soul just
filled with music — such a feast
I am going to copy you some little
verses, that were set to music tonight
by one of the composers. They are

mostle exquisite

Through the midnight heaven an angel flew
And a soft low song, sang he;
And the moon & the stars & the rolling clouds
Heard that holy melody.
He sang of the bliss of sinless souls,
'Neath the tents of Eden bowers;
Of God the Great One, he sang
And unfeigned was his praise of Godhead's powers

A little babe in his arms he bore
For this world of woe and tears;
And the sound of his song in the soul of the child
Kept ringing, tho wordless, for years.
And long languished she on this earth below,
With a wondrous longing filled:
But the world's harsh songs could not change for her
The notes which that angel trilled

Goodnight, my love, Your Grace,

FEB
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720AM
1896
REC'D

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Return G.E.H.
169 - East 63rd St.
New York City.

NEW YORK
FEB 1? 96
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Clarence E. Hemingway
500 N. Oak Park Av.
Oak Park.
Cook Co.
Illinois